WILLIAMS AND CORNELL.

MARKING THEIR BIRTHDAYS.

TWO TYPICAL AMERICAN COLLEGES, THE ONE A HUNDRED YEARS, THE OTHER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, OLD.

INSTITUTIONS OF PEACE THAT HAD THEIR ORIGIN AMID THE CLASH OF ARMS—THE STORY OF THEIR BIRTH AND GROWTH, AND THEIR WORK FOR HUMANITY.

"Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness," was Samson's riddle, which the Philistines could not interpret. There are also Philistines to-day—in the world of art and intellect—who would, perhaps, equally fail to solve the self-same problem, propounded to them per se. But not in the uttermost ends of Philistia is there one whose barbarous palate would fail to relish the honeycomb taken from the lion's mouth; nor, to turn from the likeness to the thing itself, is there one who cannot appreciate in some measure the value to this Republic of the two great schools of learning with which this sketch has to do, and which both had their origin in times of war, and the elder, indeed, actually because of war and at the hands of a soldier. It is an anomaly that colleges should be thus founded; but it is an anomaly somewhat characteristic of America. And the whole history and work and spirit of the colleges are typically and distinctively American, as were, in nature and in genius, the men whose honored names they bear.

They are much unlike each other in many particulars, Williams College and Cornell University, it is true. The one is four times as old and only one-fourth as large as the other. The former had its beginning in the day of small things, and has grown up slowly but steadily, often amid difficulties; always in a conservative spirit. The latter is identified with the years of the Nation's vast material expansion, and was born, somewhat like the fabled Goddess of Wisdom herself, stalwart in stature and abundant in equipment; breathing, moreover, an air of liberalism and great advancement. These points of variance, however, make neither less emphatically an American institution, and in the celebrations of Williams's centenary, on October 8, 9 and 10, and of Cornell's quarter-centenary on October 7, all American citizens may well take pride, in common with the thousands scattered throughout the world, who look to one or the other of these colleges as their Alma Mater.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

A SOLDIER'S GIFT TO A STRUGGLING COLONY.

In a romantic spot near the southern extremity of Lake George stands a marble obelisk of graceful proportions, "To the Memory of Colonel Ephraim Williams." It was erected by the pious hands of the alumni of Williams College, to mark the place where the founder of that institution died a soldier's death. He was a true New-Englander, this Ephraim Williams, a great-grandson of the stern old Puritan, Robert Williams, who early in the seventeenth century came from Norwich, in Old England, and settled in Roxbury, in the colony of Massachusetts Bay. Robert's second son was named Isaac, and he settled in Cambridge, afterward called Newtown, where he was a church deacon and a man of considerable means and importance. The youngest son of Isaac was named Ephraim, and he inherited his father's Newtown homestead, and took for a wife Elizabeth Jackson, the rich grandchild of the founder of that village. The family at this stage, therefore, was reckoned wealthy, in those times. Two sons were born to Ephraim and Elizabeth Williams, Ephraim junior and Thomas, who, presently being left motherless, were adopted into the Jackson family, of which their grandfather, Abraham Jackson, was the head. The latter was a man of mark. He founded the first school in Newtown, and gave the land on which it was built. He also gave to the Williams boys the best education obtainable in the colony, and doubtless did much to inspire young Ephraim to the great work with which his name is identified.

Ephraim Williams, jr., who was born at Newtown, Mass., on February 4, 1715, was not, however, contented with the instruction and culture afforded by the colonial schools. Before he reached the age of manhood he took to the sea and made many voyages to many lands. He spent several years in England, Holland, Spain and elsewhere, acquiring a vast store of knowledge and a breadth of view not common among his contemporaries in New-England. At the age of twenty-five he returned home, to find that his father had removed to Stockbridge. This place was part of an Indian reservation, about six miles square, in which only four white families were permitted by the Government to live, and they only that their presence and example might inspire the Indians to make progress in the arts of civilization. For this purpose the Williamsees were, by their character and attainments, eminently fitted.

So the younger Ephraim Williams settled down, with his father, as a farmer in the Housatonic Valley; but only for a little time. Four years after his return home the French and Indian war began, the final struggle which was to determine whether the North Atlantic colonies should be Gallic or Anglo-Saxon. Invasions from the north were renewed, and the colonists decided to build a defensive line of forts from the Connecticut River to the Hoosac, and to the Taconic Mountains. The erection and command of these important works were intrusted to young Ephraim Williams, who was now commissioned as a captain in the military service. This trust he discharged with such fidelity and success as made him one of the foremost figures of the time, and when hostilities ceased and he returned to peaceful pursuits his distinction followed him into civil life. Again, however, the war broke out, and Williams, now made a major, was sent to defend the great gateway of the Hoosac. From the defensive he presently proceeded to the aggressive, and became colonel of the Hampshire Regiment in the Army that moved northward to take Crown Point and other strongholds of the French. The expedition halted at the southern end of Lake George, to await the boats which were to convey it northward. Then Baron Dieskau, with a French and Indian army, came prowling around, menacing Fort Edward. Williams, with twelve hundred men, set out to deal with this foe, and came upon it unexpectedly, in ambush. As he was gallantly rallying his men out of the confusion into which the sudden attack had thrown them, he fell, his brain pierced by a musket-ball. His comrades saved his body from mutilation, and afterward buried it beneath a huge pine tree near by. For almost a century that tree was the only monument above his grave; and then a great bowlder was placed there, and the letters "E. W." carved into it; and the obelisk above mentioned was erected upon the very rock on which he was standing when the Indian bullet struck him down. The date of his death was September 8, 1755.

The death of Ephraim Williams was a serious loss to the colonies. But it presently transpired that even in death he was to continue to serve them, and especially to serve that glorious region of the Berkshire Hills which he had loved so well and to which he had given the best efforts of his manhood years. "I shall not forget you, even if I never return to you," he had said, as he marched away on his last campaign. His way to Lake George lay through Albany, and at that place, falling ill, he halted for a few days. And then, whether through his sickness being reminded of the uncertainty of life, or whether, having some premonition of the great fate that awaited him at the margin of the great North Woods, he solemnly made his will. To his relatives and friends he made a few bequests, and then declared:

"It is my will and pleasure that all of the residue of my real estate, not otherwise disposed of, be sold by my executors, or the survivor of them, within five years after an established peace (which a good God soon grant!) according to their discretion, and that the same be put out at interest on good security, and that the interest money yearly arising therefrom . . . be improved for the support and maintenance of a free school in the township west of Fort Massachusetts forever, provided . . . the Governor and the Assembly shall incorporate the same into a town by the name of Williamstown."

That will was dated July 22, 1755, and it furnished the original letters patent of Williams College, and all that Williams College has been to the world.

Thirty years elapsed after the death of Colonel Williams before the executors of his will felt warranted to put its provisions into full operation. The sum realized by the sale of the estate had not been large, and, even with interest compounded, did not in 1785 amount to anything like what would now be deemed necessary for founding a college. In those days it would serve, however, at least to make a beginning. Therefore in 1785 the Legislature of Massachusetts—no longer a colony, but a State—

FRANKLIN CARTER,
President of Williams College.

incorporated William Williams, Theodore Sedgwick, Woodbridge Little, John Bacon, Thompson J. Skinner, Israel Jones, David Noble, the Rev. Seth Swift, and the Rev. Daniel Collins, as "trustees of the donation of Ephraim Williams for maintaining a free school in Williamstown." But let it not be imagined that these men, bearers of honored names, and themselves leaders of thought and action, and, moreover, most of them graduates of Yale, were for a moment content with the plan of a little academy, such as the soldier's legacy was sufficient to establish. Not a bit of it. For "free school" they read "college," and their first act after organizing was to appoint a committee to raise more money. Their second act was to declare that the institution should be free not only to the people of Williamstown, but to the "free citizens of the American States." And then they began to build West College.

This venerable edifice looks small and poor to-day in comparison with modern university buildings. But it was almost a wonder of the world then, when its walls were reared in the wilderness. Seventy-two feet long, forty feet wide, and three stories high, the trustees at first said it should be; but they actually made it eighty-two by forty-two feet, and four stories high, just as its stanch brick walls appear to-day. How the committee on more money succeeded is not told in detail; but they got $2,000 from the people of the village, and, under legislative sanction, they raised £1,037 18s. 2d. by means of a lottery! Thus the building was finished, and on October 20, 1791, it was opened as a grammar school and English free school, with the Rev. Ebenezer Fitch, a Yale man, as principal, and John Lester as his assistant. There was no other school so important nearer than Yale on the one hand and Dartmouth on the other. Accordingly young men flocked thither eagerly, some coming even from Canada. Next, the Leg-

LASELL GYMNASIUM.

islature on June 22, 1793, changed its name to that which it now bears, Williams College, and the institution began its career as such on the first Wednesday of September, 1793. Dr. Fitch was president, the Rev. Stephen West vice-president, and Daniel Dewey secretary; and they were the whole faculty! Candidates for admission had to pass an examination in Latin—the Aeneid and Cicero's orations—and Greek—the New Testament. But it is noteworthy that the option was offered of French instead of Greek, and of course the French work in which they were examined was Telemaque.

West College building was office, chapel, recitation-rooms, and dormitory, all in one! For many years all recitations were held in the students' rooms, one student in each class giving the use of his room for the purpose in return for free instruction. But in January, 1796, the Legislature gave the college two townships of land in Maine, which brought in $10,000, and with this, and $2,500 raised elsewhere, East College was built. It was nearly a counterpart of West College, and served for forty-four years, when it was burned. In 1841 the present East College and South College were built on its site. The first class was graduated in 1795, with four members—three from Stockbridge

THOMPSON CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

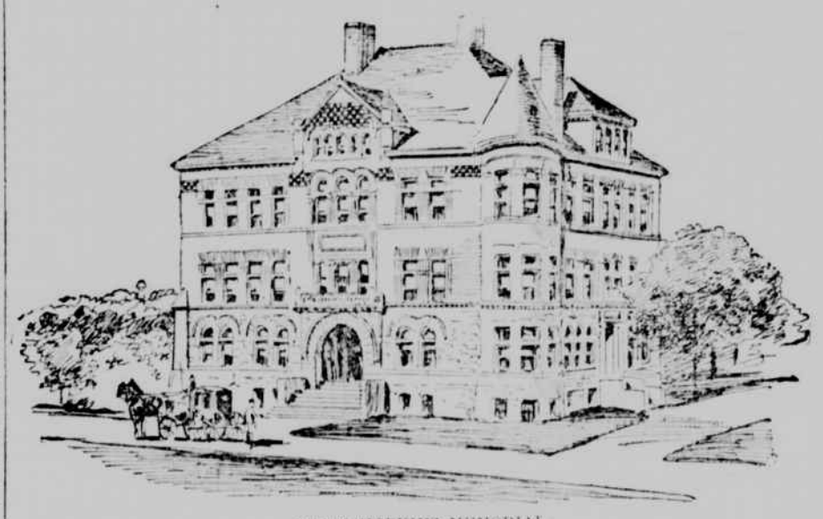
and one from Lenox. The second class had six members, the third ten, and the fourth thirty.

Dr. Fitch conducted the affairs of the college successfully for many years. Then new colleges were founded here and there, and drew patronage away from Williams. The isolated position of Williamstown was deemed unfavorable to prosperity, and it was proposed to remove the college to some place on the Connecticut River. In the midst of this depression and doubt, in 1815, Dr. Fitch resigned, and the Rev. Dr. Zephaniah Swift Moore succeeded him. Dr. Moore was in favor of removal, but the trustees voted against it, and a long controversy between them ensued. At last the president, by threatening to resign, forced the trustees to accept his views. It was voted to move; but whither? Amherst was first thought of, where a new college was about to be established; but finally Northampton was selected. Then a great rivalry arose. The people of Hampshire County raised $50,000 to pay for the work of moving, and the people of Berkshire County raised funds to induce the college to stay where it was. Hampshire won, and the president and trustees, in 1820, asked the Legislature for permission to move to Northampton. But the Legislature, after due consideration, decided that all the ado must come to nothing, for it was "neither lawful nor expedient" for the change to be made! Dr. Moore forthwith, in 1821, resigned his place, and became the first president of Amherst College. It was feared that he would take nearly all the students with him, but such was not the case. Fully half of them remained at Williams, the Rev. Dr. Edward Dorr Griffin was chosen president, and the old college began quickly to regain the ground that had been lost.

With Dr. Griffin's administration an era of permanent prosperity and great usefulness began. His successor, in 1836, was Mark Hopkins, one of the foremost of American educators. During his thirty-six years' tenure of office, the college grounds were greatly enlarged and many new buildings added. A considerable endowment was also secured. Dr. Hopkins resigned in 1872, and was succeeded by the Hon. Paul A. Chadbourne, an alumnus of Williams, formerly president of the State University of Wisconsin. This was a decidedly new departure, to choose a layman rather than a clergyman, and it rather startled some of the more conservative friends of the college. But the experiment proved satisfactory, and the college maintained under his headship all its prosperity and prestige. President Chadbourne retired in 1881, and then Professor Franklin Carter, also a Williams alumnus, was called from the German chair at Yale to take the place, which he continues to fill with signal ability and success. Dr. Carter was born at Waterbury, Conn., on September 30, 1837, and was educated at Phillips Andover Academy, Yale and Williams, taking his degree at Williams in 1862; and finally at the University of Berlin. Returning home in 1865, he became professor of Latin and French at Williams until 1868, and then of Latin alone until 1872, when he went to Yale to fill the chair of German. Union College gave him the degree of LL. D. in 1881.

Among the new buildings of Williams College, not hitherto mentioned, are several that are nowhere surpassed in beauty of design and fitness for the purposes to which they are put. Clark Hall, one of the best, was given by the late Edward Clark, of New-York City. It contains the splendid Wilder collection of minerals which Mr. Clark secured for the college. Three fine laboratory buildings, devoted to biology, physics and chemistry, were given by F. F. Thompson, of this city, one of the greatest benefactors the college has ever had. The late Nathan Jackson, also of New-York, gave the Natural History Lyceum building called Jackson Hall. He was, by the way, a descendant of the Jackson family into which Colonel Ephraim Williams's father married. Ex-Governor Morgan, of New-York, gave, at the beginning of President Carter's administration, the splendid structure known as Morgan Hall, but did not live to see it finished. The superb Lasell Gymnasium is also to be credited to Dr. Carter's administration. The new astronomical observatory and the chief instruments therein were the gift of the Hon. David Dudley Field. Goodrich Hall was given by John Z. Goodrich, of Stockbridge. As for old Griffin Hall, it dates back to the time of the president whose name it bears, and Hopkins Hall to that of President Hopkins.

It has been the good fortune—or rather it has been the good work—of Williams College to set the pace for all American colleges in several important matters, and to be first in a number of enterprises of very great moment. To begin with, it was the first American college to publish an annual catalogue, and thus to begin what a deluge of fascinating literature! Better than that, it was first, under President Griffin, to form an alumni association, now a most beneficent adjunct of almost every college. It was the first to send out expeditions of professors and students for discovery and research, a work which various other colleges have taken up with valuable results. It had the first astronomical observatory built in North America. Hawthorne, writing of his visit to the marble works at Adams, says in his notebook: "At one shop I saw the disk of a sun-dial as large as the top of a hogshead, intended for Williams College." And finally, it was here that, in 1808, Samuel J. Mills and



MARK HOPKINS MEMORIAL.

his comrades began the whole series of American missionary enterprises. A beautiful monument in Mission Park marks the spot where they consecrated themselves to this work, at a prayer-meeting held under a hayrick, whither they had been driven by the rain.

Williams College is still a small institution in numbers when compared with Yale and Harvard and Cornell and others. In worth of work and influence it ranks deservedly among the greatest in America. Its faculty numbers about two dozen, its students three hundred and fifty; its property is worth a million and a quarter. But its alumni roll numbers more than 3,200, and though only a fraction of these are living to-day, their work and the work of the whole host has been of unsurpassed usefulness to the world. More, perhaps, than most colleges, Williams has retained through all its career the spirit of its founders, that wholesome, manly spirit which President Hopkins expressed in his inaugural address: "I have no ambition to build up here what would be called a great institution. But I do desire, and shall labor, that this shall be a safe college; that here may be health, and cheerful study, and kind feelings, and pure morals; and that, in the memory of future students, college life may be made a still more verdant spot."

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

"AN INSTITUTION WHERE ANY PERSON CAN FIND INSTRUCTION IN ANY STUDY."

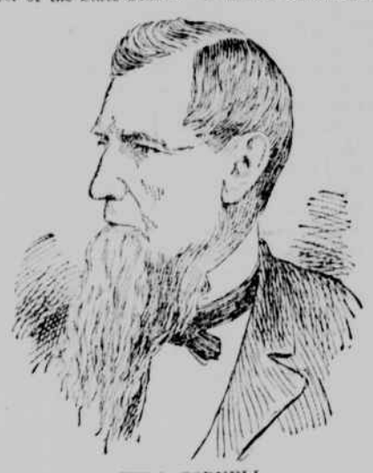
A great university, according to the traditional idea of it, is an institution of slow growth, developed gradually, through the course of many generations, and only attaining fully the dignity its name implies when housed in cloistered piles that are both green with ivy and gray with age. The university town should be quaint and sleepy, with crooked streets shaded by huge old trees, and with many a shop where from time immemorial students have held high revel over cakes and ale, and goodlier fare. Legends and bookworms, precedents and dust—these are the hallmark of the university. To create a school worthy of such name out of hand, as one would build a railroad—pshaw! As well believe those Indian jugglers, who seem to grow a mango tree, laden with fruit, in fifteen minutes from the seed.

Tradition, however, is at a discount in America, whether relating to government or education or what not. And seeing how this amazing country has played at skittles with so many a solemn idol of Old World worship, it was fitting that it should take a bowl at the legendary university as well. It was at a time when the game was running rather boisterously. A little before we seemed in a bad way. Our epitaph was written several times. A learned philosopher began writing a History of Republican Institutions Down to the Dissolution of the American Union, which he never found it convenient to finish. Various powers thought of trying to aid the dissolution that declined to dissolve; but didn't. And in the end we came out smiling, with knocked-over idols lying around thicker than ever, and entered upon such an era of "hustling" and general "getting there" as never had been dreamed of before. It was then that this new, made-to-order university came into being, with a prouder promise than any of its antiquated compeers dared to boast.

It was on the morrow of Malvern Hill, when the guns of that titanic warfare were silent but scarce yet cold. There was no thought, perhaps, of a thank-offering in the act. Yet it was beautifully fitting that on that day the signature of Abraham Lincoln should place upon the statute book the law framed by John S. Morrill, apportioning 9,600,000 acres of public lands among all the loyal States, for purposes of college endowment. Mr. Morrill had introduced a similar bill, for 6,250,000 acres, before; and it had passed the Congress, when James Buchanan was President; but it had been vetoed. The second time it was more liberal in its giving than at first, and Lincoln gladly signed it. That was on July 2, 1862. Vast benefits have since resulted to many States, but chiefest of all to New-York, in Cornell University.

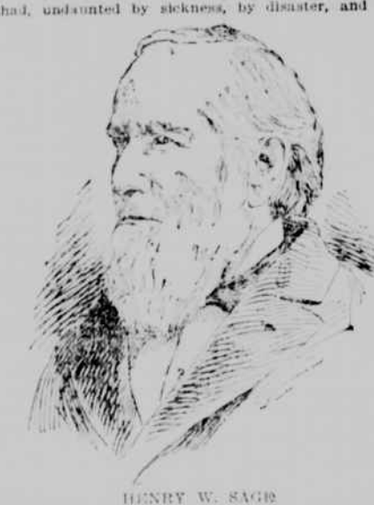
The apportionment to this State was scrip for 990,000 acres. But under the terms of the act, no State could acquire title to lands in another State, but must sell its scrip forthwith. Thus a great amount of land scrip was put upon the market, and the price fell very low. New-York sold some at sixty cents an acre, and the prospect was that a much lower figure would be reached before the whole was sold. At that rate, the proceeds of 990,000 acres would not after all be such a princely sum. Then, however, the man of the time appeared, in the person of Ezra Cornell.

This benefactor of the commonwealth was a member of the State Senate. "A man of striking pres-



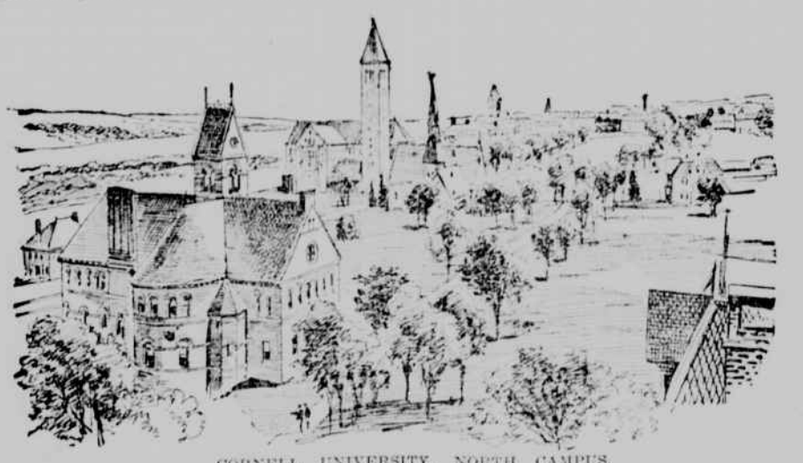
EZRA CORNELL.

ence," says an appreciative eulogist, "tall, muscular, of rugged features, with high cheek bones, a firm-set mouth, a strong but unruffled brow, he looked out upon the world with eyes of deliberate blue, wearing always a grave, almost stern expression of countenance, and showing a reticence and coldness of manner which strangers took for ingrained hardness, but which friends knew to be the superficial mask of kindness and charity unexampled. A pious man, he held converse with the realms of faith and imagination, not in any conventional way, but with the fruitful inspiration that goodness and intelligence, to which our race is called, must ultimately triumph in the world. Accordingly, he lived much in the future; and all who knew him agree that he possessed a miraculous gift of foresight—a power of divination that illuminated the foreground of his work with the light of its distant, still uncreated perspective. A courageous, independent soul, he was as patiently persevering and inflexible as he was restlessly active. Already verging toward sixty, he had known in the long course of his life many varieties of vocation and many vicissitudes of fortune. Farmer, potter, mechanician, engineer, and man of business, he had stretched our first telegraph line from Baltimore to Washington when Morse and his associates had failed; and, full of faith in the new invention, he had, undaunted by sickness, by disaster, and by



HENRY W. SAGE

overwhelming debt, poured the electric current into the great Northwest, though capital shrank terrified from the enterprise, and not a dollar could be raised in the great city which to-day, the seat of the World's Fair, pulsates with telegrams from every quarter of the globe. Enriched beyond all expectation, he had devoted himself, in the manner of an ancient patriarch, to the service of his fellow-citizens and his country. A sublime figure anywhere, he seemed to the historian Froude the most surprising and venerable object he had seen in America. He ministered to the poor and needy; he cheered the sick and wounded on distant battlefields; he strove zealously for the improvement of agriculture; proud of his State, he served her with the fidelity and zeal of an ancient Roman." Such,



CORNELL UNIVERSITY, NORTH CAMPUS.

as truly pictured by President Schurman, was the founder of Cornell University.

Through the efforts, chiefly, of Andrew Dickson White, then also a member of the Senate, it was decided that all the proceeds of the land grant should go for the building of one great university. This was an important service. Then Ezra Cornell, from his own pocket, added a round half million dollars to the Nation's bounty, on condition that the institution be built at Ithaca. This was a princely gift, and it was supplemented by many more from the same hand. But Mr. Cornell's great service, monumental in history, was his purchase of the land scrip. When he saw it going at fifty cents the acre, and knew that in a few years its value would increase tenfold, he bade the State stop such ruinous policy. Then he contracted to purchase, himself, all that remained, at the highest market price, sixty cents the acre, to locate the lands, pay the taxes, and guard against all damage; and in the fulness of time to sell the lands at the vastly increased price they were certain, as he believed, to command; and then, what? To turn into the treasury of the State of New-York, for the benefit of the university, not a tithe, not a half, but the whole net proceeds of the enterprise!

It is fitting that the name of Cornell was given forever to the university.

But what was the result? Ezra Cornell spent $600,000 of his own money in the execution of the stupendous task he had assumed; then the financial disasters of 1874 came upon the land, and upon him, and he died, having seen only the vision of what, through his genius, was yet to be. Trouble, almost ruin, fell upon the university. The trustees had assumed the contract made by Mr. Cornell, and they staggered wofully beneath the load. The institution was bankrupt. There was not even money to pay the small salaries of the faculty. And the time to sell the lands had not yet come. True, they could be sold. An offer of more than a million dollars was made for them, and most of the trustees were inclined to accept it. But the president of the Board said no! Henry W. Sage was a fitting successor to Ezra Cornell as the financial bulwark of the university. He has given from his

ANDREW D. WHITE.

own pocket a million and a quarter dollars to the great school, but his best work was setting his face like a flint against the premature sale of the lands. So to-day, the lands, thanks to Cornell and Sage, have netted about $4,600,000, with 100,000 acres yet to be sold!

The original sale of the land scrip yielded the State only $925,000. That was all the Nation's gift. All the rest, which in the end will be more than $5,000,000, is due to Ezra Cornell, and to those who are completing his work. Compare this with results elsewhere. Under the Morrill act, 9,000,000 acres of land were given to the States. New-York got 990,000. The whole has realized, or presently will realize, to its beneficiaries, about $15,000,000. Of this New-York will have between $6,000,000 and $7,000,000! That is to say, from about ten per cent of all the land, this State gets about forty per cent of all the money!

EX-PRESIDENT ADAMS.

This is the debt it owes to the founder of Cornell University.

Headed with the names of Cornell and Sage, the roll of the university's benefactors is a goodly one. Hiram Sibley and his family gave and equipped its great groups of buildings devoted to mechanical engineering. A fine natural history building was given by John McGraw; and his daughter, Jennie McGraw Fiske, added a bequest for a noble library building, and when litigation imperilled it, Henry W. Sage made her purpose good. Albert S. Barnes gave the hall that bears his name. Andrew D. White, Willard Fiske, Daniel B. Fayerweather and the heirs of the late Judge Douglass Boardman are among those who have been glad to give freely for the upbuilding of a great people's university.

J. G. SCHURMAN,
President of Cornell.

Cornell University, then, was opened for the reception of students in October, 1868. It stands on the eastern slope of the Cayuga Lake Valley, at the head of the lake, which stretches away to the north in full view for a score of miles. The prospect in all directions is one of surpassing beauty. The grounds of the university comprise 270 acres, on which, in the memory of the present generation, fields of wheat and corn were growing, as President White used often to remind the students. Indeed, some such crops still flourish there, for 150 acres are devoted to the uses of the College of Agriculture and its farm. The rest, forming the campus proper, has been laid out with great care, and is the site of eight stone buildings and five brick buildings, for college purposes, and more than thirty residences of members of the faculty. Morrill and White Halls are two architecturally similar buildings, each one hundred and sixty-five by fifty feet, and four stories high, containing lecture-rooms, recitation-rooms, offices, etc. McGraw Hall, the gift of John McGraw, two hundred by sixty feet, with a campanile one hundred and twenty feet high, contains a library, museums, lecture-rooms and laboratories. Lincoln Hall, two hundred by seventy feet, and five stories high, is the home of civil engineering and architecture. The great congeries of buildings known as Sibley College, the gift of Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, is devoted to mechanical engineering and the mechanical arts. Franklin Hall is occupied by the department of physics, and Morse Hall by that of Chemistry. Sage College, the gift of Henry W. Sage, provides dormitories and a gymnasium for the women students, and contains also botanical lecture-rooms and laboratories and a greenhouse. Sage Chapel was also given by Mr. Sage, and the Memorial Chapel was erected in honor of Ezra Cornell, John McGraw and Jennie McGraw Fiske. Another large building is used as an armory and gymnasium. Barnes Hall, built by A. S. Barnes, of New-York, is the home of the Young Men's Christian Association. Cascadilla Place, one of the largest and oldest buildings, provides two hundred living rooms for students and professors. The latest of the group is the splendid library building, opened two years ago, the gift of Henry W. Sage.

Such is, in meagre outline, the material equipment of the institution. It was opened on October 7, 1868, with Andrew D. White as president. On his resignation Charles Kendall Adams was, in 1885, chosen to be his successor; and when he also resigned, in 1892, the present incumbent, Jacob Gould Schurman, was elected to the place. It now has a hundred and twenty-five instructors and sixteen hundred or more students, both sexes meeting on equal terms. There are more than five hundred free scholarships. The library contains 110,000 volumes. The major courses of study are a score in number, ranging from art to agriculture, from metaphysics to veterinary science. For broadness of view and for depth of thought, for enterprise in advanced methods and for conservative thoroughness of scholarship alike, the great school commands the attention and the admiration of the world. At twenty-five years old it stands a signal example of a mighty institution of learning made, not grown, built in a single generation, not through the accretion of ages; and it realizes—not, perhaps, entirely, but about as nearly as any seat of learning in the world—the supreme ideal of its founder: "An institution where any person can find instruction in any study."

"THE GRASSVILLE BANNER."

SAM WALTER FOSS RELATES ITS HISTORY.

IT DIED WHEN IT WAS BORN, AND THEN WAS CENSURED FOR ITS LONGEVITY.

ZENAS COLEVILLE'S SALUTATORY.

Young Zenas Coleville never succeeded in anything which he undertook, and consequently he considered himself admirably qualified to run a newspaper.

Accordingly he started a newspaper in Grassville which lived until it was born, and then died. But there was a universal complaint in Grassville that it lived too long. It never forgave the paper for its longevity.

But Zenas Coleville himself could not conceive why a thing so beautiful should die so young.

I give below Zenas's salutatory to his readers. I think it will be seen, after reading this, that the death of "The Grassville Weekly Banner" was perfectly excusable:

TO OUR READERS.

"The Grassville Weekly Banner," the first issue of which we herewith present our readers, is established to fill a long-felt want.

It has long been the belief of the editor of this journal that the great metropolitan papers, published as they are under the artificial conditions that prevail in the great over-crowded centres of population, are conducted upon unnatural, abnormal and anomalous principles. Published and edited, as they are, in the very centre of a crowded, effete and congested civilization, they fail to appeal to the native heart and intellect of the unsophisticated, undegenerate, spontaneous, natural man. What pleases the pampered, enervated and luxurious denizens of New-York, Boston and Chicago would fall to find a response in the yeoman-like, hardy and genuine soul of an inhabitant of Grassville. The great metropolitan journals only know what highseasoned journalistic spicery will please the pampered, congested intellectual pepties of the city. They utterly fail to supply what the great continental mind, outside metropolitan boundaries, desires. They do not understand what the people want.

The editor of this paper is making no rash and unconsidered statement. He knows whereof he asserts. He himself has sent many admirable articles calculated to please the great continental mind to the editors of these same great metropolitan papers, and these same admirable articles have been repeatedly rejected. This statement, improbable as it may seem, the editor of this paper is ready to substantiate. These articles were all in the editor's best style, and contained thoughts of unusual beauty, expressed in a spirit of more than usual fervor and words of more than usual length.

It now gives the editor great pleasure to announce to the people of Grassville that these same articles will all be published, from week to week, in the columns of "The Grassville Weekly Banner."

Our readers will all have the privilege of seeing for themselves the gross stupidity and the fatuous imbecility which characterize the mind of the average metropolitan editor. But the principle of compensation prevails in the intellectual world, and what is New-York's and Boston's loss is Grassville's inestimable gain.

The first of these rejected articles, "The Mystery of the Stars," is published in this week's issue. Let us not be misunderstood. We have no quarrel with metropolitan editors. They may go their way, and we will go ours. But let our subscribers read this article and judge between us twain.

"The Grassville Weekly Banner" will enunciate no meanly partisan policy. We shall treat the great political questions that are now agitating the country with absolute and fearless impartiality—this week favoring the grand old Republican party, and next week, anon, championing the noble principles of the Democrats. We feel assured that this adjustable political policy will commend itself to all judicial readers; and we assure all such that our comprehensive platform is broad enough for them all to stand upon, and that Mugwumps, Prohibitionists, Populists, Republicans and Democrats will, each and all, find in us a sincere eulogist. We adopt a political policy as universal as we hope our circulation will be. (Parenthetically we may here be allowed to mention that now is the time to subscribe.)

The editor of this journal will identify himself with all the great moral movements of the day. He loves the dear people and is solicitous for their moral welfare. His religious creed is as broad and comprehensive as his political platform, and he will personally attend all the churches, beginning next Sunday with the First Baptist Church, and going about, like a religious pilgrim, on the respective following Sabbaths to the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Catholic and the Free Thinkers' congregations. We shall exert ourselves to the utmost to make ourselves solid with the churches. We are told that the principal advertisers of this town are all attendants upon different churches, except our genial and accomplished drygoods merchant, the popular Mr. Green, who is a devoted and zealous free thinker. We trust that our impartial attendance upon the various churches and upon the Free Thinkers' congregation will commend itself to the good graces of these sincere and devoted advertisers. (Parenthetically once more, if we may be permitted the suggestion, we would intimate that now is the time to advertise.)

"The Grassville Weekly Banner," which now waves before you for the first time, has the largest circulation of any paper of its age in this or any other country.

We trust all of our readers who now subscribe for the metropolitan papers, which come to us, reeking as they do from the great cities, will speedily cancel their subscriptions, patronize home industries, and take a paper that amounts to something.

In what metropolitan paper can our readers find a description of Grassville's new pound, or of the mysterious illness of Squire Erastus Pendleton's dog, full particulars of both which are given in this week's issue of the "Grassville Weekly Banner"?

In what metropolitan journal can be found such an article as ours on "The Mystery of the Stars"? We pause for a reply.

WHEN THE OLD CLOCK STRIKES THIRTEEN.

Life will be a swelling anthem, with no discord in the tune,
In the dim and rainbowed distance of some thirty-first of June;
Then we'll find the Happy Valleys dressed in everlasting green,
Skied with rich, purpureal splendor, when our old clock strikes thirteen.

We shall glide through halcyon waters, with no laboring oar to pull,
When the morning sun is setting and the bright new moon is full;
Bask in fair irriguous meadows lapped in satisfying rest
When the Polar Star is shining at the threshhold of the West.

We shall find the Enchanted Islands—they are resting over there,
Where the square peg fits the round hole, and the round peg fits the square;
They are resting in the centre of the world's third hemisphere—
When to-day shall catch to-morrow we shall find them; never fear.

Swathed in Hesperidean hazes on the mystic sea they rest,
'Twixt the North Pole and the South Pole, just between the East and West;
Let us bravely go to seek them, put our bold prows out to sea;
All we've got to do to find them is to go just where they be.

Then we'll hear life's swelling anthem with no discord in the tune,
And we'll pluck time's full fruition on that thirty-first of June;
And we'll till those Happy Valleys, dressed in everlasting green,
Skied with rich purpureal splendor—when our old clock strikes thirteen.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

MR. GREATHEAD IS FAR-SEEING.

"Let the financial situation depress," said Mr. Greathead, "it cannot affect a man of frugal habits like myself. I am a keen observer and I have made a careful study of the nutritive processes. A great deal of nutriment is wasted because people do not thoroughly chew alimentary substances. By eating slowly and masticating thoroughly I am able to live on a much less quantity of food than most people. I went into a restaurant the other day and ordered a small steak with potatoes. Now, as you know, the restaurant small steak is nothing more or less than the round steak vulgarly called 'chuck.' To my surprise the waiter brought me a tender sirloin. 'Take that back,' I said firmly, yet calmly, 'I ordered a small steak.' 'That am my mistake, sah,' replied the ebony servitor, 'yoah check be de same, boss. That am a tender steak.'

"'I don't care if it is, my friend,' I rejoined, 'I am no sybarite. That steak is not satisfactory. In these hard times I want a steak with plenty of chaw in it.' Well, sir, he took it back."